

# Good Morning 538

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## JUNGLE LAW AT BARNET

The murder of Pigsticker was an ordinary affair but committed by so callous and primitive a pair, that even hardened jailors were shocked, reports  
**STUART MARTIN**

### Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

AT last—at long last—we are getting a steady flow of letters from readers.

Thanking you for letters addressed to Portland-place, the B.B.C. announcers would talk about the flowers in spring-time, or the difficulty of mixing the Christmas puddings, and follow with the favourite records of the particular announcer.

I can hardly play a gramophone to you, and, anyway, I talk enough every day of the week, on page two, so I will be brief in saying—Many thanks for the letters—keep them coming.

**LEADING** Cook Peppard, of H.M. Submarine "Torbay," writes to thank us for the photograph we sent him. So your shipmates say it flatters you? You should know, chum.

Did you get the pin-ups, by the way, Bill? I hope you make good use of them.

Heartiest congratulations, Stoker D. Cripps. Hope your shipmates in H.M. Submarine "Clyde" took you ashore to celebrate your becoming a father.

Sure we will get you a picture Junior. Keep your eyes down and look in.

E.R.A. Aime Boitelle writes an interesting letter from Kirm Bank, Dumoon. So you are going home, Aime? Little I can say to you except to wish you all the best when you get there. On behalf of all of us at home, I can add that it was good having you.

The pictures you request are in the post.

**TOO** bad you missed the adoption party of "Tactician," at Alfreton, Sub-Lieut. Collingwood. I was absent, too. Never mind, there will be more parties.

So glad "Good Morning" gets some praise from your boat. We don't hear from "Tactician" often—perhaps you would convey some criticism for us.

Lieut. L. A. Pirie says the pin-ups we circulated last month were rather popular. Anyone or any place else anyone would like photographed?

Regarding Jake—you will no doubt, by this time, realise that Bernard Graddon is drawing the strip again. I heartily agree with your opinion.

C.P.O. Len Ashman (the man who keeps the Forth Toothey busy), Regulating Cox'n at H.M.S. "Forth," writes to comment on the number of "Good Morning" which dealt with my recent visit to his domain. It was great fun, Len. Thanks a million to you and all the other good guys I met. That goes for photographer Shorty Wilson, too.

Two Stokers, residing temporarily at H.M.S. "Adamant," say they would like Jane to pin-up. Gentlemen, if that



Celebrating a Buckingham Palace Investiture are C.P.O. Geo. Kidd, C.E.R.A. Sam Evans, P.O. Jim Stalker, of the submarine "Unshaken"—and two relatives, happy, too!

about your proposed adoption. Good Hunting, gents.

**IF** by this time you still have not received any football gear, Leading Stoker Bernard Norman, let me know. I passed on your letter, at the time to the Cassandra Fund, and so have little doubt but that you will have heard from them.

It's gracious of you to accept "Good Morning" as your own paper. That's just how we want you to take it. After all, it is the only daily paper for the Submarine Service, and no one else sees it, so it is yours. Seeing the name of Stoker Cockburn at the foot of a letter,

my mind went back to a wild night with the "Sportsman" crew. Good to hear from you again, Jock. Glad you kept your promise of writing. How's your stomach, by the way? Hope the old gastric trouble is not interfering with the beer.

Hope you will have received the pictures by this time. That Gillingham adoption was a washout, wasn't it? It was the poorest party I have ever had the misfortune of attending.

If every town treated the crew of its adopted ship that way the War Savings would drop considerably, I'm afraid. Never mind, we made up for it in Fleet Street, I think. I have added your home address to our Edinburgh list, Jock, and soon someone will be calling around. Write again soon, Pal, and let me know how you and your shipmates are getting along.

Thanks again for your letter. And that goes for you all.

**Ron Richards**

## GREAT ORATOR IN THE MAKING

### A.B. Arthur Littler

**YOUR** little daughter is a real chatterbox, A.B. Arthur Littler. Mrs. Littler says so, but if you want confirmation we can supply.

From the time that we knocked at the door of 95, Lord Nelson Street, Warrington, until we left, Doreen kept up an unending stream of conversation.

First of all it was a long discussion about imaginary wounds on her arms and legs. (All for the sake of talking). Then it came to the "babies" she wheels around in the doll's pram. Afterwards came a few hundred words in regard her last visit to Blackpool, with lengthy descriptions of splashing in the briny.

In between, she discussed her new coat, but waxed eloquent when the subject of her recent collar-bone incident was reached.

Mrs. Littler assured us that on this occasion she talked the staff of the Manchester Royal Infirmary into a decline, but perhaps that's a slight exaggeration. Anyway, she will never be lost for words. Not bad going for a three year old.

Your wife also told us that



your old shipmate, Trevor Jones has come home from the Indian Ocean, and is now engaged to her sister Ida. He had some time in Warrington before leaving for Portsmouth and another ship.

The home picture was obtained for you while Doreen took her "babies" for an airing, and joined your wife at the door to wave a greeting to you through "Good Morning's" camera.

IN July, 1931, two men were sentenced to death at the Old Bailey.

As soon as sentence was delivered, the judge was still wearing the Black Cap, when one of the men turned to his companion in the dock and asked, "How much money have you got?"

"I have only twenty-five bob," was the casual reply.

"And I've got eleven bob. Blimey, we ain't got much time to spend the lot."

Even hardened gaolers were struck by the total lack of feeling of William Shelly, aged 57, and Oliver Newman, aged 61, when death was pronounced on them.

Their very names were not used much at the trial. Judge, counsel and witnesses had heard them called, and had called them, by their nicknames. Shelly was Moosh. Newman was Tiggy; and it was Moosh and Tiggy all the way through the two days' trial.

Their crime was murder; and what a murder! It was revealed one afternoon when a navy named Michael McGlade rushed excitedly up to a policeman on the outskirts of Mill Mill and stammered out "Something has happened. Come with me!"

The policeman was led to a refuse dump where railway trucks tipped hot ashes. The two climbed the hummocks, stumbling over the smoking refuse, until McGlade suddenly stopped and pointed.

Near the foot of a smouldering hill the policeman saw a human hand sticking out of the rubble.

Working together, and burning their hands in the labour, the two raked away the smoking refuse. They found a man's body. They carried the body to level ground, the policeman telephoned to the Yard, and detectives were soon on the spot.

The body was almost unrecognisable, but there was no doubt this was murder stark and awful. McGlade, it seemed, lived in a shack near the dump, had gone to get a light for his fire from the dump, and had seen the hand.

A word or two is necessary about that dump and the surrounding district. For years it had been closed to the public, a mass of tangled grass and shrubbery, with a narrow track zig-zagging through it. Encircled by the Watford and Barnet by-pass roads, this stretch is now known as Clay Lane; and the most amazing fact is that within this repulsive wilderness a colony of shacks and huts had been built. But "built" is the wrong word. Knocked together is a better expression, primitive at that.

Rough, uncouth, strangely outside the radius of the civilisation so near at hand, these shacks were more jungle huts than anything else. And the men who lived there were, more or less, jungle men.

Mostly they were navvies, unskilled labourers, drain-diggers, sewer-delvers. Some of them travelled all over the country to work, but they came back to this spot, where they had built the shacks with odd bits of timber. The majority slept on the bare mud floors, only a few had straw palliasses.

They cooked their meals anyhow, over a brazier, or a fire near their huts. Strange, silent men, flotsam and jetsam of civilisation, with no code of conduct except a vague one that was shudderingly stern and pitiless. Poverty made them so.

But who was the dead man? The police, headed by the area chief, Superintendent Savage,

found a man in that colony who hinted that a member of the community, named Pigsticker, had not been seen for several days.

They took this man down to the mortuary and he identified the ragged clothing on the corpse as "like wot Pigsticker wore."

They kept probing, and found that Pigsticker's real name was Herbert William Ayres. The man who gave this information, Armstrong by name, had lived with Pigsticker in a hut. Moosh and Tiggy lived nearby.

Armstrong then gave more information. He told of a midnight fight outside the hut. Pigsticker had been called out by Moosh and Tiggy, had been attacked—and had not returned to his sleeping place on the mud floor. Later, Moosh and Tiggy had come into the hut, but Armstrong had pretended to be asleep.

Shortly afterwards Moosh and Tiggy had passed the door of the hut carrying "something" in a sack; then all was quiet for some hours; but they had risen early, and by the light of the moon and a fire which they had built Armstrong saw them wash their clothes and wipe blood from an axe.

The police now had enough to warrant them arresting

### USELESS EUSTACE



"And kindly inform your mother, Private Pilkington, I've something better to do than to see her darling Harold doesn't forget to wear his body belt!"

Moosh and Tiggy; but these two were known to be singularly rough in battle, and they had two big savage dogs that guarded their shack. A squad of police came down that night to get them.

The watchers waited all night, careful not to make a sound that would disturb the dogs. Police and detectives sat, or stood, in grass and shrubbery that were several feet high, throughout the hours of darkness.

At seven o'clock in the morning Moosh came out and walked towards the jungle. He was

(Continued on Page 3)

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# CHAPMAN—Greatest Soccer Manager of all time

By FRANK GREY

The late Herbert Chapman (centre) talking to Alex James (right) and another Arsenal player.

HERBERT CHAPMAN did more than any man between the two wars to make football popular. He brought an added interest to the game when the public were looking around for something new.

So said a famous footballer to me when we were recently discussing the merits of managers. There can be no doubt that Herbert Chapman, the good footballer, became the greatest manager of all time.

When a young man he played for Swindon Town, Sheppy United, and Tottenham Hotspur. It was, while with the Spurs, that he first seriously thought of becoming a manager.

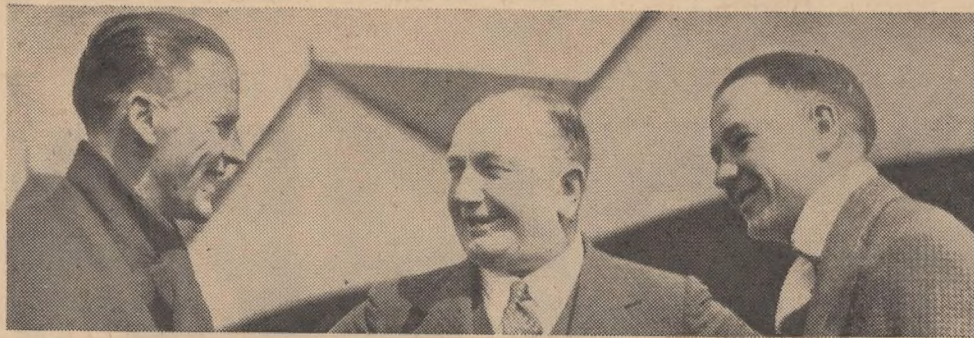
As a matter of fact, by sheer chance the opportunity to take an interest in the managerial side of the game was put in his way.

After the last reserve game of the season at White Hart Lane, Tottenham, Chapman colleague, Walter Bull, when the latter remarked: "I've been offered the managership of Northampton Town, Herbert, but I'm not very keen on it. Why don't you apply?"

Chapman realised that he had but a few more years of football ahead of him, so he applied to the "Cobblers" and received preference over several more distinguished players.

The Northampton Town directors saw in the small but big-hearted Herbert Chapman a man of vision; an administrator who looked far beyond current problems.

At once Herbert commenced to build for Northampton, then languishing at the foot of the Southern League, a team cap-



able of taking them to the top. He did; the "Cobblers," on gates never averaging more than £100, beating their more famous opponents.

Later, Herbert Chapman moved on "for experience," as he once said to Leeds City, and then Huddersfield Town.

At Huddersfield he first made his great reputation, by clever "buys," and the discovery of a great deal of amateur talent; took his team right to the top in League and Cup.

While with Huddersfield he secured from Aston Villa the transfer of Clem Stephenson. The Villa at the time considered that Clem had passed his best; but Chapman, planning to build a great team, saw in Stephenson the very man around whom the team he visioned would function.

Again his foresight paid super-dividends. Great sums of money passed into the Huddersfield coffers; honours were won. And all the time, behind

the scenes, Herbert Chapman was planning for the future.

When he left Huddersfield Town for Arsenal the London club's fortunes were at a low ebb!

Few people know this, but when they left South London for Highbury they only had £19 in the bank!

It did not take the shrewd manager long to see that something more than a football team was needed to make Highbury a profitable move. A super-team, complete with a super-ground, plus glamour, became his aim.

First of all he cast his eyes around for men around whom he could build a great team. At Huddersfield Clem Stephenson was his choice. At Arsenal, Alex James, of Preston and Scotland, and David Jack, of Bolton and England, were selected. But such stars cost money—and Arsenal were reported at the time to be in debt.

Chapman found a way round the difficulty, however,

and James, in return for £9,000, and Jack, when a 10,340 cheque changed hands, packed their bag and moved to London, Arsenal, and even greater fame.

David Halliday (£6,500), from Sunderland, Wilf Copping (Leeds), £8,000, and Charlie Buchan, whom Arsenal paid, in addition to the fee, £100 extra for every goal he scored in a specified number of months, are others who laid the foundation for the success of "modern" Arsenal.

Chapman, who sensed the value of the Press in putting over his team, also went carefully into the explanation of everything associated with the Arsenal. For instance, he made Herbert Roberts his centre-half, into a "policeman pivot," or, as he put it himself, a "third-back."

Alex James, who had been scoring many goals for Preston, took over the centre-half's duties in mid-field, and thus rarely became a scorer.

This fact was seized upon by Chapman.

His foresight brought out the qualities of Clifford Bastin, a lad from Exeter, who had won every big honour of football before he reached his twenty-first birthday.

Chapman, who sensed the value of the dramatic, was a great sportsman. No man played for his team who did not live up to the true spirit of sportsmanship. Chapman preached on this subject in a local chapel, and himself always showed that understanding which stamps the gentleman and sportsman.

For instance, after the Arsenal had been beaten by Walsall in a now historic match, he was in the Walsall Board-room, when someone from another club, delighted at Arsenal's defeat, grinned: "Well, Chapman, what have you got to say about to-day?"

Keeping his temper, the Arsenal manager replied: "Walsall played grandly. There is no excuse. They deserved their win."

Only a sportsman could have given such an answer to one who was trying hard to goad him into an argument.

Chapman, prince of Soccer managers, made Arsenal the team everyone went to see. The club followers in the North did not like to see the Londoners always winning—but they paid to see them! In this way they helped football by bringing in more money.

Chapman knew the football public. That's why he never failed. When he died, at the all-too-early age of 55, League football lost a great man.

## QUIZ for today

1. Martial was a famous soldier, philosopher, orator, writer, painter, composer?
2. How many missionary expeditions across the sea were made by St. Paul?
3. What is the common name of the wild flower sometimes called the "Brandy-bottle," and why is it thus nicknamed?
4. What colour is a policeman's armband in the City of London?

5. Wat Tyler's Rebellion took place in: 1381, 1481, 1581, 1681?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Maudlin, Mercurial, Mesmerism, Mackintosh, Mitre, Macadam.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 537

1. Outlawed Japanese.
2. Small balls and a few up-turned hats.
3. Seventeen.
4. Monday before Shrove Tuesday; collops (i.e., slices) of bacon were eaten.
5. £13 16s. is double £6 13s.
6. Ox changes to oxen in the plural; others don't change.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



FROM Mr. J. S. Elam, Headmaster of the Sir George Monoux Grammar School in Walthamstow, I have more details about John Stringfellow, the Englishman who experimented with flying machine models years before the Wright Brothers made their first flight in the United States. Mr. Elam has made researches into Stringfellow's life story and has lectured about him at Chard, the Somerset town where he made his experiments.

Stringfellow is still remembered at Chard, Mr. Elam tells me. Some of his models are illustrated in the town hall there.

He was born at Attercliffe, Sheffield, and moved to Chard in 1820 to set up his own lace factory, but spent most of his time in his aeronautical experiments.

THE credit for Stringfellow's inventions, says Mr. Elam, should be shared by a man of whom we know less, Samuel Henson (1805-1888), who joined him at Chard. The first flight of the model was in a disused lace factory at Chard in 1848. The next year both Stringfellow and Henson sailed to America. Henson remained there till his death at Newark, N.J., in 1888. Stringfellow returned to Chard and continued his experiments. He died twenty years almost to the day before the Wright Brothers' flight.

Mr. Elam tells me he got the impression that Stringfellow was regarded by his Chard contemporaries as a harmless eccentric, who wasted his time and substance in these strange experiments.

INSTEAD of the queue, you take a pew—when you go shopping at a store in Tottenham, London.

You sit in the pew, wait for the service—there's no collection, and there's gossip instead of a sermon.

Mr. Lacey, the shopkeeper, was worried by the daily queues of tired women—so he bought some second-hand church pews, and now the shoppers sit and wait.

N.B., L.P.T.B.

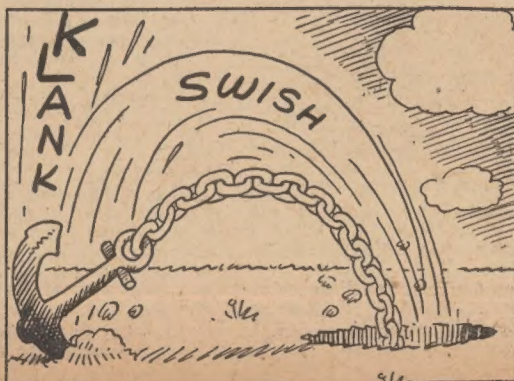
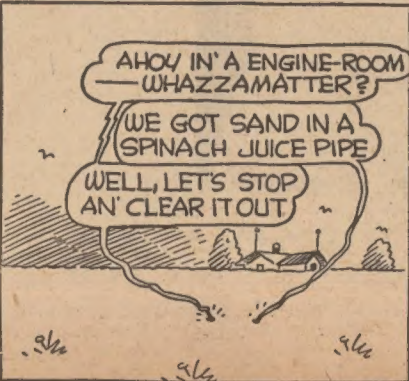
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





# WANGLING JUNGLE LAW AT BARNET

(Continued from Page 1)

1. Insert consonants in "I\*E\*A\*\*E and \*O\*O\*U\* and get two fruits.  
2. Here are two pipes whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
CREHEREM — MUCHAYR.  
3. If "contented" is the "tent" of satisfaction, what is the tent of (a) Temporary, (b) Maxims?  
4. Find the two fruits hidden in: It's just hum, tap, sing, rap — everlasting fidgeting without a single stop, early and late.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 476

1. RHODODENDRON, BERBERIS.
2. BOOTLACE—BUTTON.
3. (a) Detonate, (b) Astonish.

## JANE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



decided elsewhere in primitive circumstances, that punishment must be meted out.

The crisis came when they caught Pigsticker stealing some bacon and half a loaf. They trailed his footprints from their own to his shack. That night they challenged him. He denied the theft, but he was a liar. The fight began.

Moosh put it in these words: "It was a terrible fight, and he was killed." There it was; vividly stark, tragically simple, simply tragic; as death comes in foreign jungles in unexplored lands.

And then they both added, in different words, but with the same meaning: "He got what he had been asking for." Those were Moosh's words, backed by Tiggy. A life for half a loaf and a bit of bacon!

There were no regrets, no denials, no attempts at defence. Callous to the core. There was not a drop of emotional blood in these men. They might have been two savages explaining a tribal rule.

But Moosh was the more cunning of the two. It was he who

first saw the clue that led to their arrest. "If I had had my way you'd never have got us," he told Superintendent Savage. "I wanted to put his body on the railway line, so's he'd be run over. But Tiggy argued for the dump."

And then, as an after-thought:

"We forgot that he would be found on the ashes of the dump. Silly to forget that. Huh!"

At their trial they were given counsel to defend them; this to satisfy the English law.

When Armstrong was put in the witness stand he was questioned about the exact time of seeing the "something" being carried away in the sack. He stuck to his statement.

"How do you know it was that time?" asked counsel. "Had you a watch?"

"No," replied Armstrong, "but I have a clock." He fished in his pocket and produced a small alarm clock. From the dock there came the loud shout of Moosh, who nudged Tiggy.

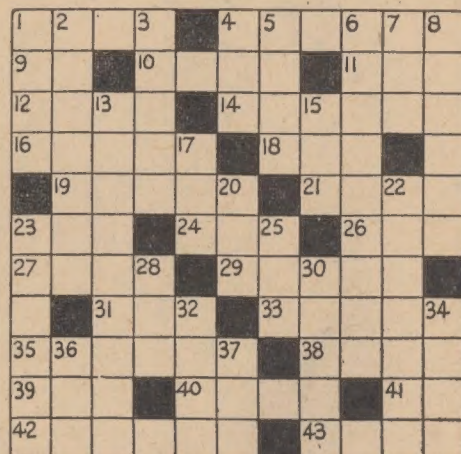
"Gor blimey," roared Moosh, "look, Tiggy! The blighter pinched our clock!"

Even the judge was startled; but the trial ended soon after, and the judge stretched out his hand and put on the Black Cap; and William Shelly and Oliver Newman knew they hadn't much longer to live.

It was then Moosh made his remark about their money. They were indifferent about the hanging, indifferent about anything; and on the morning of August 5th, 1931, they stepped on the scaffold, and the hangman's rope strangled them —indifferently, too.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Require. 4 Little fish. 9 Within. 10 Welfare.



- 11 Little drink.
- 12 Small shark.
- 14 Big deer.
- 16 Scatter.
- 18 Tropical tuber.
- 19 Home from home.
- 21 Small fish.
- 23 Vigour.
- 24 Obstruct.
- 26 Rocky hill.
- 27 Persia.
- 29 Winged boy.
- 31 Obtained.
- 33 Cook.
- 35 Business man.
- 38 Ever.
- 39 Extinguished.
- 40 Wild beast.
- 41 That is.
- 42 Obelisk.
- 43 Yellow food.

PREVALENTLY  
LAX SAHARA  
AGENCY BAIL  
N MAR ASIDE  
TOPPING N M  
ART BEEF CO  
TA WET LION  
INCH SWORN  
OGRES RUINS  
NEAR PERSIA  
S MEGAN HEW

- CLUES DOWN.  
1 Sense. 2 A different. 3 Chirp. 4 Observed. 5 Toy. 6 Vivacity. 7 Small bird. 8 Eight-legged animal. 13 Multiply. 15 Stuff. 17 Gossamer. 20 Scarlet dye. 22 WNL addition. 23 Engine plug. 25 Difficulty. 28 Incline. 30 Authorised agent. 32 Inform. 34 Edible bulb. 36 Shrub. 37 Cereal.

## IDEAS COUNT

By DICK GORDON

IN Hollywood the idea's the thing. Sometimes a tremendous tome or lengthy stage play may provide the material for a film, but some of the cleverest films have come out of a mere idea, memorandum, or even a chance remark.

The unique idea that a man could be destroyed by receiving a series of unintelligible letters was really all that William Cameron Menzies had to go on when he went to work on "Address Unknown," which he is producing and directing independently for Columbia release.

The original story, a very short thing published in the form of a series of letters, provided no solid plot. But the idea was so intriguing and dramatic that it was found to be a more solid basis for a film than would many a detailed novel.

Columbia's most ambitious effort of the year, the Technicolor "Cover Girl," saw its birth in an inter-office memorandum. A studio employee was thumbing through a booklet of the famous Conover magazine models, and ran across the line in which they were referred to as "Cover Girls."

He thought it might make a good title for a picture around the career of such a model, and he said so in a memo. to his boss. From that little memo. the picture grew.

Hollywood still would like to find other tremendous volumes such as "Gone With The Wind" and "Anthony Adverse," from which to make highly entertaining and profitable films, but the film-makers know that this type of source cannot fill all of their needs.

Columbia has made one of the most dramatic pictures of the year, the recently completed "None Shall Escape," from an idea provided by President Roosevelt. The entire picture was based on a paragraph from one of the President's speeches on punishment of Nazi criminals after the war is over.

Alfred Hitchcock one day was discussing with a friend how far a picture could stick to one set, and the smallest possible dimensions the set could be and still hold interest. Out of this theoretical discussion grew Hitchcock's idea to make "Lifeboat." Later, he consulted the actual log of a lifeboat to gather dramatic material for the picture.

The bright boys with the brain waves have long been Hollywood's backbone. The literati who labour long and hard over an 800-page novel have an important place and get their just reward in Hollywood, but the industry wouldn't be what it is now without the boys who think on their feet and can see a nine-reel movie in a five-word idea.



# Good Morning

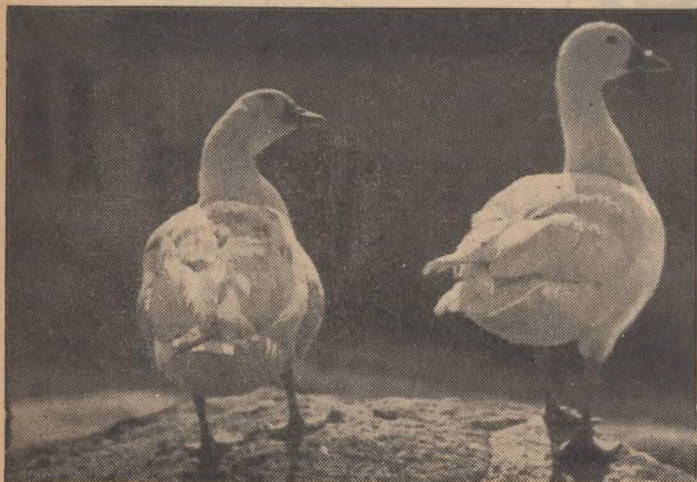
**THIS ENGLAND.** Chugging down the peaceful canals go these gaily-painted barges, decorated with the traditional hearts and roses and castles, and each with its polished brasses and gleaming Turk's head.



**HAVE HEART!** The gal with the glamorous torso is 20th Century-Fox dumpling, June Haver. When we saw her in "Irish Eyes are Smiling," we went straight out and kissed the blarney stone—our way of kissing the next best thing!



A view of the mess deck in H.M.S. "School-days." No doubt about the chow being good—judging from the P.O.'s expressions.



"I don't believe it! There just aren't any such animals. Probably strayed in from a comic strip, I should think."



"Hark at her! Miss High-and-Mighty! Christmas is coming—and that will sure cook your goose, all right, all right!"



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Where did you get that neck!"